

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### Lau Mission Station, Fiji

FIJI is divided into nine provinces, of which Lau is the most eastern. It contains a large number of small islands, but no large ones. The native governor's home is situated on the island of Lakeba (Lakemba). It was there that the gospel first made its entrance to Fiji. It was brought first by the Togans (Tongans), and then two white Wesleyan ministers, Mr. Cargil and Mr. Cross, followed in 1835. Through the influence of Maafu, who was a Tongan ruler of Lau and a great warrior, the gospel was rapidly carried to all parts of Fiji. The island on which our mission station is located is Vanua Mbalavu, fifty-three miles north by west from Lakeba. It is sixteen miles long, and in the shape of an S. It is divided into two districts. The head mission station of the Wesleyans for Lau is located at Lomaloma, and ours is at Mualevu. The government has its European and native magistrates located on this island also. Our station is located on a small piece of land a mile from Mualevu. We had hoped to have a small school conducted here, but as our laborers have been cut down, it is necessary for me to visit all parts of the Fijian group, so we have had to give up this idea. There are a number of bearing coconut trees on the place, and good land for planting. One small creeklet of fresh, pure water flows not far from the house. We have laid a pipe to bring the water into our bath-house and kitchen. The mission house is built on a slight rise of ground, just above the ocean beach. As we are on the "trade-wind" side, we have a strong sea-breeze continually blowing. We have no good harbor for our boat, so have to anchor at Mualevu. Around the house we have all kinds of ornamental shrubs, while bananas wave their long, broad leaves proudly above. Most of the flowers which grow here are of the large, gaudy family, and give forth but little perfume. They seem to us more like the paper flowers which are made in European countries. Bees have a hard time, as there is but very little honey in the flowers.

As our station is situated on the main road between a number of towns, we have plenty of visitors. In front of our house, the women congregate to clean the fish they catch. One can hardly hear himself think, and especially is this so on the Sabbath, as they keep up a continual hubbub. The mission house is twelve feet by twenty-six feet, with a nine-foot veranda running all around. The main part has two rooms, and we have made three rooms of one part of the veranda. The posts of the house are native, and instead of boarding up the house, it is reeded. This was to save expense and to make it cooler. There is always a breeze circulating in the house, and it is hard to keep a lamp lighted. We use

lanterns a great deal. There are great numbers of mosquitoes, and we always sleep under a screen. We can not lie down even during the day without getting under a screen.

This is the driest part of Fiji, but we have the flood-gates opened on us at times, and torrents rush down from the hills, taking everything before them. The sea for a long distance seaward is a muddy color, and filled with all kinds of rubbish. If it were not for these wash-days, one could hardly live in these tropical climates, as there is such an accumulation of decaying matter. We always notice that when there are one or two months with no rain, there is much sickness. This is not the case when there is plenty of rain to wash the filth into the ocean, which in turn disinfects it.

How good our Heavenly Father is to us all!



A GROUP OF FIJIAN SCHOOL CHILDREN

and though he calls some of us to one part of his vineyard, and others to another part, there to labor for him, yet he knows our frames, and as our days are, so has he promised that our strength shall be. Let us labor while the day lasts, for the night cometh when no man can work.

C. H. PARKER.

### Novel Reading

THOUGH much has been said against novel reading by various writers, it still continues to be an almost universal passion. This is true to such an extent that even religious periodicals of the present day, for the sake of a wide circulation, yield to the general taste, and begin with a novel.

The love of fiction is born with us. It requires no cultivation, but grows with our growth; and when we come to years of thought, the question arises, Is it a taste that we may indulge? If we look at some of the evils connected with novel reading, we shall say, No.

To give it free course is certainly a ruinous thing. A weak mind becomes completely mastered by the passion; the duties of life are neglected, all that is worth living for is made to yield to the fascination of the hour, and the reader becomes a slave to his own desires.

Another objection to this class of literature

is that it unfits the mind for the enjoyment of other books. Few novel readers could deny this, and it is a great evil. It lowers their standard of taste, and shuts them out from all that is great and good in the writings of our best men.

More time is spent on novels than can well be spared from other employments of the day, because they can not be put down until they are finished. Then the feeling that duties are being neglected causes irritation and dissatisfaction. Any interruption increases this. It is all selfish, and ends in bitterness. It is "as when a thirsty man dreameth, and behold, he drinketh; but he awaketh, and, behold, he is faint, and his soul hath appetite."

Upon very imaginative minds novel reading has another effect. It carries them above ordinary life—"the world of dreams seems real, and the real world a dream." The men and women they meet appear dull and commonplace. They expect a toiling world to be gilded with tinsel. All this is folly; it is a mistaken use of God's gifts. If we would rightly fill our place, we must live in the world, not above it. Who would be sighing for fancied heroes while there are warm human hearts around us? The whole world of imagination can bring nothing worth being compared to the grasp of a living hand.

Life is short. Anything that cramps its energies must be an evil. Any habit that is purely self-gratification narrows the heart, and is unworthy of a being whom God has made.

"But thou, O man of God, flee these things; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness." Laying up in store for yourselves a good foundation against the time to come, that thou mayest lay hold on eternal life.

ERNEST LLOYD.

### Good or Ill

Who will choose in life's fair morning,  
Fresh with dew and flowers gay,  
Good or ill? There's a warning 'gainst the ill;  
O then choose the better way!

In this path thy Saviour leads thee,  
Shields thee, keeps thee, from thy foe.  
Gives thee light, and sets thee free,  
That thou serve him here below.

Scatter sunny smiles and gladness  
In this darksome world of ours;  
There are those who sit in darkness,  
Kindly cheer their lonely hours.

To thy tender, loving Saviour  
Bid them look that they may live;  
Love like his, beyond all measure,  
Is more wealth than earth can give.

Then when done with things terrestrial,  
Through this path so straight and true,  
Thou shalt enter courts celestial,  
Sing the song that's ever new.

MRS. E. M. HARRIS.



### Sabbath

DAY of Jehovah, whose first sun  
Dawned 'mid creation's glorious rays,  
About whose history is spun  
A living wreath of prayer and praise;  
God of the Sabbath, help us still  
To love thy law, to do thy will.

For who can guard these sacred hours,  
And turn a trampling foot away,  
If he but trusts his own weak powers,  
And strives through self his thoughts to  
stay?

God of creation! be thou near,  
Help us to love, help us to fear.

In vain in form and word we do  
The letter of the law's demands;  
Infinite Love brought law to view,—  
'Tis love that answers his commands.  
Thou loving Father, for to-day  
Help us to honor and obey.

Day of Jehovah, whose bright bands  
Bind gems with fairest thought replete;  
A refuge in earth's desert sands,  
When men, unhindered, God may meet!  
For faithless vow, and ruthless word,  
Have mercy on thy people, Lord!

MAY G. COLE.

### Chats on Letter-Writing—No. 1

THE writing of letters is to many persons a disagreeable task, which they avoid as much as possible. If such would cultivate the ability to write a good letter, they would open for themselves a channel of real pleasure and benefit, for correspondence is a source of delight and helpfulness not to be obtained otherwise. In the absence of intimate friends, what greater pleasure is there than the receipt of a well-worded, interesting letter? Those who receive these communications naturally desire to be able to give similar pleasure in return, and regret the inability to do so.

It is a mistake to suppose that great literary skill or an extended education is essential to the writing of a good letter; for in ordinary correspondence it is not expected that there will be evidence of great ability in the use of language, or remarkable demonstrations of learning. The chief features of a well-written letter are that it is clearly worded, and interesting to the recipient. Any person who has a fair education should be able, with practise and diligent care, to compose a letter such as would be acceptable to any one. It is in the hope of assisting readers of the INSTRUCTOR who desire to attain proficiency in this art, that this series of articles is written. I shall take it for granted that the reader has an average elementary education, and is fairly well acquainted with the use and meanings of common words, that it is unnecessary to mention details of grammar, spelling, and other fundamentals. I hope to write of those qualities that contribute to the making of what may be called a welcome letter, one which gives genuine pleasure to the recipient, and one which is sure to cause the reader, on coming to the end, to wish it were longer.

While doubtless some persons are gifted with unusual ability in the use of language, it will be admitted that only one who can talk at all acceptably, should be able to put ideas on paper, for, after all, letter-writing is but a kind of written conversation. This art of putting

thoughts down in black and white, needs only cultivation, with most persons, to become one of their greatest pleasures, rather than an effort which is anything but enjoyable.

Having, then, laid aside the idea that the ability to write a good letter is a special talent given to a few persons only, let us consider what makes a letter really interesting, for that quality is the chief item in enjoyable correspondence.

HENRY W. ROSE.

### Cleaner Bill-Boards

THE Christian League of Philadelphia has added to its many works a purging of the theatrical bill-boards of obscene and offensive matter. Dr. Wayland Hoyt is president of the League, and Dr. Floyd Tomkins is one of the advisory board. The League has been giving magazines to the police stations, conducting a Chinese mission, furnishing Christian Endeavor Societies with information regarding city missions, and publishing lists of safe shelters for women and girls.

But the League promises to do its most conspicuous service in driving from the bill-boards indecent pictures and matter harmful to boys and girls. A number of managers of burlesque and vaudeville theaters have consented that the League shall examine their bills before they are posted.

In this attempt the League should have the support of all decent citizens. To picture violence and crime in lurid colors before our boys means to offer a premium on juvenile crime. The protest against such dangerous and incendiary education by means of the bill-boards can not be made too strong.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

### Persuasion

WHEN the conduct of men is designed to be influenced, *persuasion*, kind, unassuming persuasion, should ever be adopted. It is an old and true maxim "that a drop of honey catches more flies than a gallon of gall." So with men. If you would win a man to your cause, first convince him that you are his sincere friend. Therein is a drop of honey that catches his heart, which, say what he will, is the great highroad to his reason, and which, when once gained, you will find but little trouble in convincing his judgment of the justice of your cause, if indeed that cause really be a just one. On the contrary, assume to dictate to his judgment, or to command his action, or to mark him as one to be shunned and despised, and he will retreat within himself, close all the avenues to his head and his heart; and though your cause be naked truth itself, and though you throw it with more than Herculean force and precision, you shall be no more able to pierce him than to penetrate the hard shell of a tortoise with a rye straw. Such is man, and so must he be understood by those who would lead him, even to his own best interests.—*Abraham Lincoln*.

### God's Witnesses

IN the "faith chapter," as the thirteenth of Hebrews is sometimes called, is a list of faithful men who have lived upon this earth from the days of Abel. We are told of the many things which they accomplished by trusting in the word of the Lord. By a careful reading of this chapter we shall find experiences covering nearly every phase of our lives, and the key to the strength needed to bring us victory. The test

which God placed upon Abraham is typical, in a way, of that brought to bear upon many fathers to-day. It was recorded for our benefit. When we are surrounded by temptations and unfulfilled duties, we may find the road to peace by following the example of some of those old men of faith.

The real, practical force of the record of the thirteenth chapter is found in the first few verses of the next chapter. It ought to be startling to us as we consider the meaning of those words. The apostle says, after naming over that long list of faithful men, "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

Many persons seek to evade the law of God by pleading the inconvenience, impracticability, and hardship of living up to its claims while the majority of the people do otherwise. If we do this, some of those old men of faith will rise up in the judgment and witness against us. They will tell how they lived up to the commandments of God, even in the face of death, and were opposed at every hand by the enemies of truth. They will also say, "We have done it. Why do you not do the same?" Thus they will witness against any who attempt to excuse themselves from obedience to God's precepts.

C. E. HOLMES.

I WOULD have you be like a fire well kindled, which catches at everything you throw in, and turns it into flame and brightness.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

## BIBLE READERS COURSE

### The Punishment of the Wicked

1. *What assurance have we that the wicked shall be punished?*

"For, behold, the Lord cometh out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity: the earth also shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain." Isa. 26:21.

2. *What have the people done to merit this punishment?*

"The earth also is defiled under the inhabitants thereof; because they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinance, broken the everlasting covenant." Isa. 24:5.

3. *What will be the nature of the punishment?*

"Therefore hath the curse devoured the earth, and they that dwell therein are desolate: therefore the inhabitants of the earth are burned, and few men left." Isa. 24:6.

4. *How will they burn?*

"But the wicked shall perish, and the enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of lambs: they shall consume; into smoke shall they consume away." Ps. 37:20.

5. *How much of them will be left after the burning?*

"For, behold, the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch. . . . And ye shall tread down the wicked; for they shall be ashes under the soles of your feet in the day that I shall do this, saith the Lord of hosts." Mal. 4:1, 3.

6. *How does Paul express their fate?*

"Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power." 2 Thess. 1:9.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.



**Something About Photography — No. 3**

**How to Know the Correct Exposure**

"How long shall I expose a certain picture?" is a question on the wrong answering of which depends about four fifths of the failures in negative making. Correct exposure is a result of experience, and that is the only teacher. After one has studied the chapter on Exposure that comes with his instruction book, he is wise if he keeps a record of every negative he makes, in a little book. The entries may read something like this:—

"Negative 56, on Seed's 27x plate, made at 12:30 on May day, 1905, picnic in shade of trees, bright sunshine outside; full open lens, exposure about 1/2 second: result, slightly overexposed.

"Negative 50, little girl, Minnie Aldrich, with doll, in swing in shade of tree, 4 P. M., April 25, 1905, weak sunlight outside; Plate Seed's 27x, stop No. 32, exposure 1 second: underexposed.

"Negative 81, Seed's 27x plate, picture in our dining-room, made at noon, Aug. 1, 1905, bright sunshine outside; three windows, but room was dark; stop No. 22, exposure 8 minutes: result, a good negative."

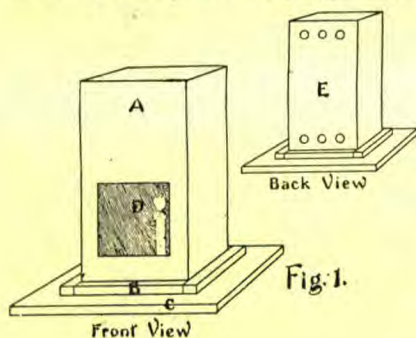
When in doubt of a certain exposure, study the note-book, and you can perhaps find a former experience that will guide you. You will find some record of an occasion when the light was about the same, and all you will have to do is to repeat your former exposure to make a good picture. When a record has been kept in this way of a few dozen exposures, experience will begin to tell you intuitively just what time each subject will require, and by and by the records of past work will no longer be needed.

**How to Light the Dark Room**

One can not work comfortably in a perfectly dark room. It is necessary to light it in some way. There is no perfectly safe light, but the red is safest of all. Too much, even of red light, will fog the plate, and experienced workmen allow it on their plates as little as possible—keeping the developing tray covered almost all the time. Beginners are inclined to use too bright a red light. It should be very dim.

If there is a small window in the room, cover it with many thicknesses of red and orange tissue-paper, such as is sold for a penny a sheet in the stationery stores. Daylight will shine in through the paper, or at night a lamp or lantern set outside will give light within.

Some forms of ruby lamp can be made by the photographer himself. Notice in Figure 1 that A is a tall box of cardboard, wood, or tin, with holes (E) for ventilation on the back; an opening (D) over which to paste red paper or glass in front; cleats (B) on the baseboard (C) to hold the lamp steady and keep light from esca-



ping, and a candle inside. If a lamp is used instead of a candle, the box must be taller, and have better ventilation above the flame.

If red paper is used for a dark-room light, remember that it fades, and change it occasionally. Red glass is permanent in color, but costs more, and is sometimes hard to find. The easiest way of securing a good light is to buy a ready-made red lamp of the dealer. Those who have electric light can buy incandescent lamps with ruby globes to screw in the same sockets as the common white ones.

To test the safety of a light, cover half a plate with a card and expose the other half for four minutes to the light, holding it about where you keep the tray when developing. Then develop it in common developer in darkness, four minutes. Rinse in water, and examine by daylight *without fixing*. Should the light be unsafe, the difference between the two halves of the plate will be very noticeable. If the light is bad, add more colored paper.

**Pictures of Lightning**

Pictures of lightning can be made at night



only. Point your camera at the storm. Open the shutter and let the camera be so until the desired flash has been recorded on plate or film. As the sky is dark, the camera can safely be left open for hours, waiting for the flash. It is sometimes well to include a part of a building or a tree in the picture, and the lightning will illuminate these things and show them as in dim daylight.

**The Prices of Photographic Material**

Some photographic materials are very high priced, because they are controlled by a trust. Others that are just as good in every way can be obtained often at half the trust prices. The trust developing papers sell for twenty-five cents a dozen for the 4 x 5 size, while another equally good paper is sold for ten cents a dozen in the same size. If you wish to try these cheaper goods, and will send me a self-addressed stamped envelope or postal card, I will give you the addresses of the people who sell these goods.

**Developing Prints on Printing-Out-Paper**

By printing-out-paper is meant such papers as solio, aristotype, and all of that class on which the picture is made directly by the light, and not by development. These papers are usually printed under a negative in sunlight, and afterward toned and fixed. It is not generally known that they can be used as developing papers and printed by a dim light, but such is the case.

The method to use is very simple, and yet you



FIG. 2. PHOTOGRAPH WITH ONE END DRAWN WITH INK AND THEN BLEACHED

will have no difficulty in making beautiful sepia or rich-brown prints by it. Use the common printing-out-papers, such as you can get from the dealer, print them in the usual way under a negative, by daylight or by very bright artificial light, such as acetylene, incandescent gas, or electric, until the paper shows just the faintest trace of a picture. By common daylight, not sunlight, prints can be made with great rapidity, and even with the artificial lights only a few minutes' exposure is required. The paper before and after printing must, of course, be kept in the dark as much as possible.

Make up a solution of exactly five grains of potassium bichromate in a pint of water. This keeps for months, or even years. To develop the prints, take:—

- Pyrogallic Acid ..... 4 grains
- Bichromate Solution ..... 24 drops
- Water ..... 4 ounces

The prints can now be developed by lamplight, in a tray of this, just as you would develop a plate or a film; or the developer can be mopped over the print with a soft brush or a wad of cotton. Some workers say this latter gives the brightest pictures. The print to be developed must be dry and unwashed, just as it came from the printing-frame. It will develop rapidly, and be fully done in two or three minutes. It is then transferred without washing, to the ordinary fixing bath, where it remains several minutes, after which it is washed half an hour and dried.

**How to Make Line Drawings from Photographs**

With waterproof India ink, such as is sold in the stationery stores for twenty-five cents a bottle, and a good pen, we can draw on the surface of any photograph, carefully following its outlines and its shading, and then we can bleach the photograph all out, leaving nothing but the ink lines. Such a pen-and-ink drawing can easily be etched upon metal by the photoengraver, and then printed on the printing-press.

The simplest process of making the drawing is this: Make a good, rather light print from a negative, on blue-print paper. Dry it thoroughly, and then draw it in with the waterproof India ink. When the ink lines are thoroughly dry, dip the print in a tray of diluted ammonia water. This will soon bleach out all the photograph, and the remaining pen drawing, when rinsed and dried, is finished.

Instead of blue-print paper, any of the developing papers can be drawn upon, and then bleached with a weak bichlorid of mercury solution, or with any of the reducers that are used for reducing the intensity of negatives. The accompanying Fig. 2 shows a photograph which has had one end drawn with ink, and then bleached.

EDISON DRIVER.



### Facing the Sun

"ONE day," said Dr. Clemance, "I was climbing a mountain in the Alpine range near the boundary line between France and Switzerland. By and by we came upon snow and icicles and all the usual attendants in the train of winter, but when we got higher, we found delightful flowers blooming in all the beauty of floral loveliness. I said to myself, How is this? Down yonder are ice and snow; up here are these lovely flowers. The secret is that this part of the mountain faced the southern sun, while the other was turned from it. Even so it is with ourselves. When our hearts are turned toward Him who is the fountain of love and marvelous spiritual beauty, we bring forth the fruits and the flowers of Christian character, and show the world what a blessed and beautiful thing it is to be a disciple of Christ. It is when our affections and thoughts are turned from him that the graces which would otherwise abound in us languish and die."—*Selected.*

### Mrs. Chisholm's Way

"ELSIE," said Laura Canfield, as the girls waited on the threshold of the Chisholm home, "if you'd told me we were going to see a blind person, I should have begged off. Blindness breaks my heart. That's one reason I've run away for this visit to you."

"You mean on account of your Aunt Mercie?"

"Yes. It's terrible, Elsie. We can't express pleasure in a thing we see without the unhappy feeling that she can't see it, too. We're getting so that when there's a beautiful sunset or a fine illustration, or anything pretty, we just point at it silently, so she won't know the difference."

"Is she going to live with you after this, Laura?"

"Oh, yes! She's father's only sister, you know, and she hasn't another soul belonging to her except an adopted daughter, who doesn't know any more than to send her a water-color landscape for a Christmas present. Think of that—to a blind woman! Wasn't it heartless—or at least thoughtless?"

"It wouldn't be if you sent it to Mr. Chisholm. But then, Mrs. Chisholm has a way —"

The door opened and Mrs. Chisholm greeted them brightly. "Just see, Morton!" she cried, as she led the way into the sitting-room. "It's Elsie Brooke and her friend, Miss Canfield, and they've brought us this great bunch of red partridge-berries, all nestled in among glossy dark-green leaves. Aren't they lovely?"

Laura thought she had never seen a smile so beautiful as the one on the face of the courtly man who rose to meet them.

"It's a real taste of the woods, isn't it?" he said, as his fingers caressed the leaves and berries. "Where shall we put them, Mary?" and he seemed to look at his wife through the dark glasses that shaded his eyes.

"Right here in the bay window, where we had the yellow blossoms yesterday."

"Oh, yes! With the green of the maple-tree outside for a background."

"And the sunlight filtering through in patches," she prompted.

"To be sure! Mrs. Chisholm never leaves out doubting that this could be the Mr. Chisholm who the sunlight," he added, turning that beautiful smile to the girls again; and Laura found herself had been blind for twenty years.

A minute later he handed her the photograph of his one grandchild.

"Isn't that a fine boy for six months?" he asked, proudly. "See the shape of that head, and those little chubby arms—pretty, aren't they? The picture came this morning, and we were as excited as two children. We could hardly wait to get it open."

Laura almost gasped. He was totally blind; Elsie had said so. And yet, listen! He was talking about the squirrels in his yard now.

"They're as tame as kittens," he declared. "You ought to have seen them this morning! They'd let Mrs. Chisholm and me get close to them, and then they'd run a little way ahead and look back at us as saucy as you please."

"Well," put in Elsie Brooke, gaily, "I can't blame them a bit, if Mrs. Chisholm had on the pretty blue gown she's wearing now. She looks so lovely I can't help speaking of it."

Mr. Chisholm reached for the hand of the little woman at his side. "She *always* looks beautiful to me," he said, tenderly. "And—what is more, my dears—the whole world looks beautiful to me, and has for twenty years, through her eyes!"—*Youth's Companion.*

### The Mountain of Myrrh

*Canticles 4:6*

WHEN lonesome and tired of living,  
And longing for glad release,  
My mind soars away to the mountain—  
The Mountain of Myrrh and peace.

And the stillness is rest and comfort,  
Away from all noisy strife,  
And the breath of the myrrh is soothing,  
Its perfume, elixir of life.

And when I'm oppressed with sadness,  
I know where my Saviour stands.  
To the Mountain of Myrrh I hasten  
And lift up my weary hands.

The Soul of my soul is waiting  
Afar on those heights of love;  
He biddeth me leave the lowlands,  
The myrrh must be sought above.

When restless with pain at midnight,  
The myrrh-perfumed mount is there,  
Its summit aglow with glory,  
Its odors filling the air.

O Mountain of Myrrh, thy fragrance  
Sweeps over the earth in waves,  
The cross on thy lofty summit  
Betokens the One who saves.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

### "In Honor Preferring One Another"

Nor only in the home, but in public places we may constantly observe violations of this exhortation to unselfish behavior. Several persons are taking the train. Each one thinks himself entitled to the best seat, and so elbows his way to the front, that he may be first to enter the car. If the weather is chilly, he will probably take what promises to be the sunny side; if it be a warm day, the shady side is sought.

A special lecture or concert is to be given in the church. Mother says, "We must plan to be early so as to get a good seat." She little thinks she is giving a lesson in the manifestation of selfishness, but she need not be surprised if her son is loath to give up the easy chair to her or some one more aged or infirm. Ease-loving John will permit her or his sister to carry the wood and water, and offer no assistance. Why should he put himself out of the way to make others more comfortable? Just imagine Jesus elbowing or otherwise pressing his way through a crowd that he might secure the seat he most preferred, regardless of the wishes of others. There is no wrong in my being comfortable after I have done

my best to make others so. "In honor preferring one another" should be the motto of all youth, not because of the reputation gained, but rather of the character formed. Encourage a habit of performing little services for others unasked. At least offer to do so whenever you think the service might be pleasant to the recipient.

"If you would have friends, show yourself friendly." Perhaps there are feeble ones who would like to attend church, but have no means of conveyance. Perhaps you have none, but there are probably some coming in from the country. Ask the owner to let you drive a few blocks to gather in the aged and infirm ones. Thus you will be emulating the example of the blessed Saviour, who spent his life doing good.

One can quickly learn to love the things which are now irksome and disagreeable. I heard an esteemed minister give the following experience: "I always very much disliked to sleep on the back side of a bed; but often finding myself associated with older ministers, I did not wish to reply that I did not like that side of the bed, if asked which was my preference. I sought the Lord in prayer that my preference might be changed. Beyond my expectations I learned to really enjoy the side of the bed that most persons do not. It made me happy when asked, 'George, which side of the bed do you prefer?' to be able in truth to say, 'I'd rather you would take the first choice.'" No happiness is really found in selfishness, but rather in the making of others happy. Compare the character of the priest and Levite with that of the good Samaritan, and to-day choose which you will be like.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.



### Young People's Society of Joplin, Missouri

WE have followed the lessons outlined in the INSTRUCTOR with a short Bible study each Sabbath. The interest seems to increase each week. We have a few earnest Christian workers among our young people. Since the missionary campaign of last fall, we have sold over three thousand papers, including the *Signs, Watchman, and Bible Training School*. During last winter and spring we did some prison work, holding gospel meetings in the city jail. At our meetings good gospel hymns are sung, prayer is offered, and a short talk from the Bible upon some phase of the message is given. We always leave a supply of our literature.

In our last young people's meeting we decided to take up for our daily Bible study the "Morning Watch;" that is, we commit a verse of Scripture to memory each morning, the same text that all the young people in the conference who observe the "Morning Watch" study. Our State secretary publishes the texts in our State paper every two weeks. When the roll is called on Sabbath, each member responds with the texts.

We are trying to raise a penny a day from each member to support a missionary in the foreign field.

BIRDIE CRUZAN, *Leader,*  
ETTA ROWE, *Secretary.*

YOUR manners will depend very much upon the quality of what you frequently think on; for the soul is tinged and colored with the complexion of thought.—*Marcus Aurelius.*



### The Way the Lilies Grow

They draw their strength for leaf and stem  
 Out of the earth that cradled them;  
 Then catch in their tiny hands the rain  
 To wash them clean of earthly stain,  
 And lift their faces to air and sun  
 That clothe in beauty every one.  
 To heaven above, from earth below —  
 That is the way the lilies grow!  
 By and by when the time is come,  
 All unconscious they bud and bloom,  
 Then in a glory that far outshines  
 Richest splendors of royal lines,  
 Over the meadows in bright array  
 The lilies cluster and seem to say,  
 "How this happened we do not know,  
 But that is the way we lilies grow!"

— Selected.

### Hobson, the Crow

#### True Stories from the South

"In the fall of 1891," said Uncle Byrd, "my wife and I went down to a Confederate reunion in the lower part of this State, and there was a pet crow in the family where we stayed, to which I took a fancy.

"When we were ready to leave, the lady made me a present of that crow, and I was much pleased. I made a box for him, and placed it in the back of our buggy, and then came on toward home. After we had been back a few days, I let the crow out of the box, and then he went around pretty much anywhere he pleased.

"Well, sir, it did seem as if that crow gave me more trouble than all the children and the live stock on the place. He was the most mischievous thing I ever saw. He was always stealing, and hiding everything he could carry off.

"Puss, that's my wife, could never keep a thimble or spool of thread or a hair-pin, or any other small article, about her bedroom, and even the spoons and knives and forks were not safe on the dining table, unless the screen doors were kept locked.

"I never could go down the street, but some neighbor would call after me, and tell me of some theft or other mischief the naughty thing had done at his house, and threaten me with the law if I did not kill that crow.

"But the worst thing happened down to Aunt Nancie's below here. You know, sir, Southern people in country places keep their sweet milk and cream in tall narrow stone jars. Well, Aunt Nancie had a jar of cream on her kitchen table one day and stepped out to talk with her neighbor, just as that crow came along. The rascal went into the kitchen, and after prying into every other place in the room, and hiding every small article he could find, in knot-holes and cracks in the boards, he at last flew onto the table and took the lid from the jar. When he saw the cream, he went back and took out most of the things he had hidden, and poked them down in the cream. Then he went into the bedroom and brought out the brush and comb and pushed them in, and afterward took little Lucy's rag doll and stuffed it in head first. This made the cream run over onto the table, and when Aunt Nancie

came back and saw what had been done — well, there was trouble!

"Why, I heard her complaining to the neighbors long before she headed toward my home, and when she came within talking distance, maybe I didn't get a scolding!

"It was no use to talk back. Aunt Nancie had the comb and brush and the doll in her hands, all dripping with the white cream, and these she kept shaking in my face, holding them up so the crowd could see them, and pointing me out as if I were a first-class felon — and I was as innocent as a lamb, and as blameless as a child.

"And, sir, the worst of it all was that that crow flew up on top of the house and cawed and cawed, until Aunt Nancie got so provoked at his impudence that she didn't know what to do.

"Well, those were trying times, yet it was really so ridiculous that I had to turn my back on the old lady once in a while, and laugh to myself."

"What became of this pet, Uncle Byrd?"

"Well, sir, it died an unnatural death, as do most of my domestic pets, somehow or other. I went down to the creek one day, and caught a good mess of small fish, and I was out in the garden cleaning them when along came the crow; he began helping himself to the heads and leavings. I supposed it wouldn't hurt him, but it did, sir; it killed him. I found the old bird the next morning sitting bolt upright, balanced on his tail, with his head stretched up, and his mouth wide open — dead. He had surfeited himself with that fish, and it killed him."

W. S. CHAPMAN.

### Dollie's Sunrise Lilies

THE first stars were twinkling over the quaint fishing village, and the great, glistening lake. Inside the old church all was hushed and solemn — "like the woods at sunset," Dollie thought.

A rugged little damsel was Dollie, the daughter of the roughest, most ignorant, and most utterly worthless fisherman on the lake shore.

Tireless and fearless as a bird, skimming the lake from dawn till dusk in her little old boat, the child was a veritable water-sprite.

What was the minister saying? Dollie sat up straight and listened.

"A sunrise prayer service?" Eagerly Dollie leaned forward that not one word should escape her. They would meet at sunrise on Sunday; there would be prayers and music.

Then the minister looked straight into Dollie's dark, earnest eyes, and said: —

"Christ himself has promised to be here. So let us come to meet him. Let us bring something — something dear to us — and lay it in love at his feet, because he first loved us."

Dollie's heart thrilled strangely. She had often stolen, unnoticed, into the church to hear the music. And always she had heard something of him — Jesus Christ. In her own way, she thought much of him. She had long wanted to see him, and now —

He was coming. She drew a long breath and clasped her hard, brown hands tightly together. If she could only see him for one little minute — the great, kind man who had time to love little children. If she could only bring him something!

But what? In all the world she had no treasure — poor little Dollie!

"If I had one single thing of my own, I'd give it to him — 'deed and I would," she said to herself, as she went slowly home under the watchful stars. "But there isn't a thing — not one — so there!"

Then suddenly Dollie remembered. There was her flower garden.

Long before the big, busy world was awake the next morning, Dollie was far out on the water. The birds sang. The little pink and golden rays of the sun danced across the lake to meet her. And there in a cool, sheltered cove, asleep on the blue bosom of the lake, lay Dollie's flower garden.

Dollie waited and watched while the great sun climbed higher and higher. At last its warm rays fell across the quiet waters. And like a flash, where had been only dull-green pads and tightly folded buds, glistened a mass of snowy, wave-kissed blossoms. Dollie's water-lilies were awake.

With quick, skilful fingers, she gathered the delicate, pure-petaled flowers, and gently, so that not one waxen leaf or glowing heart should be injured, she laid them in her basket.

A half-hour later she landed below the poor little hut which was the only home she had ever known. Her father was there cleaning out his boat for the day's fishing. In his queer, gruff way, Fisher Ben loved his one child. As she came ashore, her breeze-blown hair full of sunshine, her little brown face bright with happiness, he watched her with something like a smile on his rough, wrinkled old face.

"What you goin' to do with 'em, lass?" he said.

"Take 'em to the church, dad," answered Dollie, with a glad little thrill in her voice. "Christ's agoin' to be there to-morrow — min'ster said so."

With a muttered word and a rough, sneering laugh, the old man turned away. That word, Christ — he had not heard it spoken reverently for long years. His mother had used it — yes, and his wife, too. He wondered why his lost Dollie sometimes seemed to speak to him in little Dollie's voice — why she looked at him from the depths of her little daughter's dark eyes.

Hark — which Dollie was that singing?

"Why not, why not,  
 Why not come to Him now?"

He listened, stirred in spite of himself, until the clear voice died away in the distance. Dollie, carrying her fragrant burden, had entered the church. The "min'ster" was there, and straight to him she went.

"I've brought these lilies, sir," she said, timidly, "for Christ. Will you please give them to him when he comes to-morrow?" Then, with a sudden burst of confidence, she went on breathlessly,

"and will you tell him all about how very poor we are—dad and me—so I couldn't bring anything of any 'count. These lilies—they aren't much—for such as him—but they're so sweet—you can't think. And oh, sir, do you s'pose he'll get here at sunrise—sure—cause you see that's when they open —"

The minister drew the child to a seat beside him there in the cool, silent church. Then he told her the story of the Child who came to earth long ago to help all who were little or lonely or tired or sinful. He told her how he took the simple things of earth and made them strong to do his grand work. He told her, too, how the same Christ is still to be found in his world, not only in the great churches and temples, but walking among the lilies and the corn.

The morning breeze stole in through the open windows of the little church. Out upon the shore the waters watched and waited. Then, in a glory of color, the sun came up. It brightened the lake and the shore, crept slowly on, and fell in blessing over the kneeling people. Then, touched by its unseen magic fingers, the waiting white lilies before the altar burst into perfect, scented bloom.

Dollie felt the sweet, solemn hush which filled the church. She was strangely happy. The Christ was there—she knew. She peeped through her little fingers and saw, with a smile, that his lilies had opened for him.

Then the pastor rose. He repeated the sweet old words of the greatest of all Teachers: "Consider the lilies."

Then he told Dollie's own little story almost as she had told it to him. His eyes were not the only wet ones, when, at its close, the people went out into the glorious sunshine of a new day.

Nor was that all. In the outer hall of the church, unseen in the shadows, was old Fisher Ben. Tears rained down his face—tears such as only strong men shed.

There Dollie found him, twined her arms about him, and cried too. There they knelt—the pastor, the father, and the child—and the form of the Fourth was among them!

And there was joy untold in heaven.—*Alice E. Allen, in Sunday School Times.*

### Hazardous Employments

MANY of the world's traditions cling round the story of a human life sacrificed in order to found securely a temple or a city, or to complete some great work which otherwise would fail. The great bronze bell which needed, in order to make its casting perfect, a maiden's blood, and the sacrifice of the bell maker's daughter to his bell; the city which claimed the life of a man on the spot where its gate should rise; the building whose corner-stone must be laid with the heart's blood of a youth—all these are old, repeated tales. To-day, the world shudders at such an idea, or thinks it does. In no street of our American cities, nowadays, could a victim be formally sacrificed to insure the success of a great municipal undertaking. Yet it is none the less true that for every single block of track laid in the New York Subway, for example, one life was either sacrificed outright or crippled permanently. The great Williamsburg Bridge claimed seven lives as its toll of sacrifice before it was completed. The tunnel under the North River has already cost life and health to more than one worker—and so it goes. "Industrial martyrs" Lawrence Perry calls these victims of to-day, in a recent article about the mortality in dangerous trades and occupations.

It is a thing for a boy to consider, before going into railroad work, that America exacts the toll of one life out of every six hundred of her railroad workers, every year. It ought not to be so; safety appliances and more careful methods will

doubtless be introduced yearly to lessen this frightful sacrifice. But, at present, some three thousand railroad employees are killed every year, and last year forty thousand were injured. Any boy can understand that railroad work is hazardous from its very nature. So is the job of a steeple-jack, a powder maker, or a bridge builder. To go into such occupations is to be necessarily subject to danger and accident day after day. But there are other dangerous jobs that do not seem so until we think well about them, and study the facts.

For example, being a carpenter does not seem a risky affair. Yet one carpenter out of twelve hundred is killed every year. The quarryman faces a large mortality in his chosen occupation, and so does the bricklayer. The printer, the plumber, the grinder of glass or cutlery, the iron worker, the potter, the hatter, the stone-cutter, all have perilous trades. The china on our breakfast table looks innocent enough. Yet the "potter's asthma" and "potter's phthisis" are well known to the doctors who treat the men, women, and children that toil in the dust clouds of the pottery. Laws have lately been made for better ventilation in potteries; but, though the mortality has been decreased, work as a potter is still dangerous business.

Cutters, grinders, and polishers, breathing in fine dust, and subject to lead poisoning, are frequent industrial victims. Science is trying to get some substitute for lead, and a preventive system of ventilation. Until it succeeds, "grinder's rot" will claim its toll relentlessly. The plumber and painter are liable to lead poisoning, too, and so are the carriage builder and the dyer. The hatter breathes in fine particles of hair, and is poisoned by the dyes used. Brickmakers and stone-cutters breathe in dust all the time, and bronchial and lung troubles follow.

The newspaper with its colored Sunday supplement makes many victims nowadays. The processes require the use of "bronze powder" formed of copper, zinc, and arsenic. In the rush of the work and the heat of the drying-rooms, this powder flies in clouds, bringing disease and death in its inhalations. Hundreds of men die in order that America may have her flaring, trashy Sunday papers; and this sacrifice seems a peculiarly useless and pitiable one.

The world has long outgrown the horrors of the formal sacrifice of living victims. So the great industrial nations will one day look back with horror on our railroad accidents, our unsanitary work-rooms, our recklessness of human life in industrial processes. Each inventor, each employer, each lawmaker, can help to make things better. Public opinion is the mightiest force in America; and if our boys and girls grow up determined that industrial martyrdom shall lessen year by year, it will be done, somehow, in the end.—*S. Richard Cate, in the Wellspring.*

### The Uses of Turpentine

TURPENTINE is good for a bee sting.

Turpentine is excellent and soothing when applied to scalds and cuts.

It will take ink stains out of muslin when added to soap, and also helps to whiten clothes if added to the water in which they are boiled.

Moths will not come near clothes sprinkled with turpentine; they seem to hate its odor.

A few drops of turpentine will exterminate cockroaches, and drive red and black ants away.

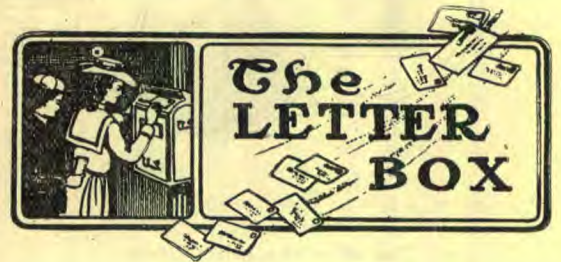
Tan leather boots can be nicely cleaned with turpentine. Pour on a woolen cloth and rub.

Turpentine is a simple and safe remedy for chilblains, while it is good for corns on the feet, and an immense boon for blisters on the hands.

Use turpentine in the bath water for rheumatism, and a few drops on the cloth in applying fomentations to the chest is often beneficial.

To remove stains from marble, take a wine-glassful of turpentine and ox-gall, and mix into a paste with pipe-clay. Put the paste on the stain, and let it remain two or three days.

Carpets can be freshened by going over them once a week with a broom dipped in hot water containing turpentine.—*National Magazine.*



ANADARKO, O. T., July 10, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I have taken THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR three years, and I like it very much. I could not do without it. Please find enclosed seventy-five cents for another year's subscription. My Sabbath-school teacher's name is Mrs. Eva L. Dake. There are nine in my class. I am twelve years old. We all keep the Sabbath. There are eight in our family. I hope to meet all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the new earth.

VALLEY DALE HAUPE.

GREENVILLE, MISS., July 2, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I will write a few lines to the INSTRUCTOR this evening as I have not written before. I love the paper and enjoy reading it. There are four families keeping the Sabbath here. I am the secretary of the Sabbath-school. I am fourteen years old. I was baptized on the third of December, 1905. I have one sister. I ask you to pray for her. I will close with love and best wishes to the editor and the readers of the INSTRUCTOR.

ISAIAH MACON.

CARMEN, O. T., Sept. 2, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: This is the first letter I have ever written to the INSTRUCTOR. I am fourteen years old, and I have a little sister seven years old. I go to school here in town, and am in the seventh grade. I have read four books and nearly all of another one. They are "Uncle Ben's Cobble Stones," "Christ Our Saviour," "Things Foretold," "Story of Joseph;" and I am now reading "Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing." I enjoy the stories in the INSTRUCTOR very much. I enclose the answers to the Scripture Enigma, and think they are correct.

LUCY MARR.

SAN JOSE, CAL., June 16, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: I have enjoyed making the "Work for Little Fingers" very much, especially the May baskets.

Next month is my birthday. Mama thought it would be nice to make a basket for each of the little girls who will come to spend the afternoon with me. I would like you to thank Mrs. Long for the pleasure that one little girl has had in making this work, and I should be sorry if it should stop.

I send you a story which I wrote about toads; I found a toad in a tin can. I studied him, then I went into the house, and wrote a story. I would like to know what you think of it.

GOLDIE BROWN.

SAUK CENTER, MINN., Aug. 7, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: As I never wrote to the INSTRUCTOR, I will write and send seventy-five cents for the paper. I like it very much. I have one brother; he is eighteen; and I have two half-sisters and three half-brothers. We go six miles and a half to church; so we can not go every Sabbath. We have a very good Sabbath-school here. Our church is in Sauk Center. I love to go to the Lord's house.

My father died when I was a year old. My mother keeps the Sabbath, but my stepfather does not. I am sorry for that. My great grandma is making her home with us. She is ninety-two years old. I am glad she can live with us. She fell two years ago this fall and broke her hip, so she walks by pushing a chair ahead of her.

I shall be sixteen years old this fall. I am trying to be a good girl. Pray for me, that I may see all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the earth made new.

MABLE LANSPEAR.

**An Experience**

At one time Pizarro, whose conquests are matters of history, came to a crisis. His ships while on a voyage of adventure were baffled by a succession of storms, and the men were brought face to face with starvation. A ship was sent to bring back all who wished to return. It seemed for a time that all his soldiers were going to desert him. By a strong appeal he sought to turn them back to their original purpose; but to no avail. As his last effort, he suddenly leaped upon the shore, and unsheathing his sword, drew a line upon the sand, and exclaimed, "This way leads to Peru and to gold, that to Panama and beggary. Let all good Castillians make their choice." With these words he strode across the line. Only a few followed him, but their names are recorded as heroes.

This incident has its sequel in our experience. We have come to a time of rebellion and apostasy—the shaking time. There are those who are forgetting their original purpose. They are discouraged by hardship, and are going back to the world; but the sword of the Spirit (the Word of God) now draws a line upon the sand of time, and says to us, "This way leads to heaven and eternal life, that way to the world and eternal death. Choose this day your path." Those who step over the line, led by the great General, will be recorded as heroes in that glad day of victory. Have you crossed the line, which means advance? If you haven't, do it now.

C. E. HOLMES.



**INTERMEDIATE LESSON**

**III — Good Angels**

(October 20)

MEMORY VERSE: "Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, harkening unto the voice of his word." Ps. 103: 20.

REVIEW.—Where there is life, there is —. We must have — if we grow. As babes we should desire —, that we may —. Besides studying the — we must — if we would be growing Christians. Prayer is —. We should pray when —. If we are children of God, we shall keep —. We shall obey God because —. Our memory verse last week was —.

**Questions**

1. What are angels sometimes called in the Bible? Gen. 18: 1, 2, 8.
2. In what ways did these angels act like men?
3. In what way do the angels go when God sends them on errands? Eze. 1: 14; Dan. 9: 21. What lesson may we learn from this?
4. For what purpose did Gabriel visit Daniel? Dan. 9: 22.
5. Why should we not forget to entertain strangers? Heb. 13: 2.
6. Describe the angel's visit to Gideon. Judges 6: 11-21. How was he entertained? How did he depart?
7. How many angels did Daniel see around the throne of God? Dan. 7: 10. How many are ten thousand times ten thousand?
8. How did the angel appear who came to the tomb of Christ? Matt. 28: 2-5. How was the Roman guard affected by his presence?
9. Find another example of the power of the angels in the Bible.
10. What is said of their strength? Ps. 103:

20, 21. To whom do they harken? What do they do? What name is given them in this text?  
11. In what way may we be like them?

**Lesson Story**

We can not see the angels with our natural eyes, and yet they are real beings. In the Bible they are sometimes called *men*.

Angels have come to this earth to visit men; they have talked with them, and had the appearance of men. They have eaten food. They suddenly appear and disappear, as they did to Gideon. When Ezekiel saw the angels going on errands for God, he said they ran. When Daniel described how one came to visit him, he says he flew. Ezekiel further says that they "ran and returned as the appearance of a flash of lightning."

Daniel saw the throne of God in heaven, and he says that "thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him." In the book of Hebrews there is said to be "an innumerable company of angels."

The angels are glorious beings. When prophets have seen them, they thought they saw God, and have fallen at their feet to worship them. At the resurrection of Christ "there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow: and for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men."

God has given the angels great power. He sent one to bring pestilence upon the people because of David's sin, and in three days seventy thousand men died. At another time the angel of the Lord smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and eighty-five thousand soldiers.

Our Memory Verse tells us that the angels of the Lord "excel in strength," and "do his commandments," and that they "harken to the voice of his word."



**III — A Just God and a Saviour**

(October 20)

MEMORY VERSE: "O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him." Ps. 34: 8.

**Questions**

1. In whom does the Lord take pleasure? Ps. 149: 4.
2. How has God manifested his great love for his people? John 3: 16; note 1.
3. How enduring is this love? Jer. 31: 3; note 2.
4. Will the Lord ever forsake the child of his love? Isa. 49: 15, 16.
5. How tenderly did the Lord keep his people anciently? Deut. 32: 9, 10.
6. How is his tender watch-care for his children outlined by the psalmist? Ps. 121: 4-8; note 3.
7. What is God declared to be? Deut. 33: 27.
8. What attribute of God is shown in his continual offer of salvation to me? 2 Peter 3: 15.
9. Notwithstanding his long-suffering toward his children, what must surely come? 2 Peter 3: 9, 10; note 4.
10. What, then, is the duty of every individual? Isa. 55: 6, 7.
11. What does the psalmist urge all to do? Ps. 34: 8.
12. What is the duty of those who know something of the love of God? Ps. 96: 7-9; 100: 1-5.
13. What should be the testimony of such individuals? Isa. 61: 10.

**Notes**

1. The heart of the human father yearns over his son. He looks into the face of his little

child, and trembles at the thought of life's peril. He longs to shield his dear one from Satan's power, to hold him back from temptation and conflict. To meet a bitterer conflict and a more fearful risk, God gave his only begotten Son, that the path of life might be made sure for our little ones. "Herein is love." Wonder, O heavens! and be astonished, O earth!—"Desire of Ages," page 49.

2. Through every age, through every hour, the love of God had been exercised toward the fallen race. Notwithstanding the perversity of men, the signals of mercy had been continually exhibited. And when the fulness of the time had come, the Deity was glorified by pouring upon the world a flood of healing grace that was never to be obstructed or withdrawn till the plan of salvation should be fulfilled.—*Ibid.*, page 37.

3. I have seen the tender love that God has for his people, and it is very great. I saw angels over the saints with their wings spread about them. Each saint had an attending angel. If the saints wept through discouragement, or were in danger, the angels that ever attended them would fly quickly upward to carry the tidings, and the angels in the city would cease to sing. Then Jesus would commission another angel to descend to encourage, watch over, and try to keep them from going out of the narrow path, but if they did not take heed to the watchful care of these angels, and would not be comforted by them, but continued to go astray, the angels would look sad, and weep. They would bear the tidings upward, and all the angels in the city would weep, and then with a loud voice say, "Amen." But if the saints fixed their eyes upon the prize before them, and glorified God by praising him, then the angels would bear the glad tidings to the city, and the angels in the city would touch their golden harps, and sing with a loud voice, "Alleluia!" and the heavenly arches would ring with their lovely songs.—*Early Writings*, pages 31, 32.

4. The greatest possible danger to the children of men is to presume upon or abuse God's mercy; for probation for each individual will close all too soon, and when despised mercy no longer lingers, many will be surprised. See Isa. 33: 14.

**Gossip Town**

HAVE you ever heard of Gossip Town,  
On the shores of Falsehood Bay,  
Where old Dame Rumor with rustling gown  
Is going the livelong day?  
It isn't far to Gossip Town,  
For people who want to go,—  
The Idleness train will take you down,  
In just an hour or so.  
The Thoughtless Road is a popular route,  
And most folks start that way;  
But it's down grade, if you don't watch out,  
You'll land in Falsehood Bay.  
You glide through the valley of Vicious Town,  
And into the Tunnel of Hate,  
Then crossing the Add-to Bridge you walk  
Right into the city gate.

The principal street is called "They Say," and  
"I've Heard" is the public well,  
And the breezes that blow from Falsehood Bay  
Are laden with—"Don't You Tell."  
In the midst of the town is Telltale Park;  
You're never quite safe while there,  
For its owner is Madam—Suspicious Remark—  
Who lives on the street "Don't Care."

Just back of the park is Slanderer's Row,  
'Twas there that Good Name died,  
Pierced by a shaft from Jealousy's bow,  
In the hands of Envious Pride.  
From Gossip Town, peace long since fled,  
But trouble and grief and woe  
And sorrow and care you'll find instead,  
If ever you chance to go.

—Selected.

"KEEP yourselves in the love of God."



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Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Obstacles are not to be considered when the progress of this message is in question. Our God knows nothing of obstacles. The truth must go to all the world in this generation, and it will go by the means that God has ordained. Let us all quickly fall into line, and have a part in the finishing of the work of God in the earth.

THE growth of New York City is full of surprises, and in no respect are the evidences of growth more striking than in the statistics of electric railway traffic. During the spring quarter of the present year 332,000,000 cash fares were received. During one day of last April one company carried on its elevated lines 938,959 passengers, while another company carried on one day in May 1,846,538 passengers on its surface lines; but still another company exceeded these records, carrying on one day in June 2,129,264 persons.

### Scripture Enigma

ADDITIONAL names of persons who solved the Scripture Enigma have been received since the list was printed in the INSTRUCTOR dated Oct. 2, 1906. They are as follows:—

Minnie Port	D. A. Davis
Hazel Torrance	Henrietta Burdick
Margurette Torrance	C. A. Van Cleve
Alvin Rimmeger	Harry J. Starret
Mrs. Maggie Serns	

### Christian Opportunity

A CHRISTIAN business man of Buffalo, N. Y., wanted to do something to help others, but found his busy life gave him but little opportunity to do so. At last it occurred to him to place tracts in three different languages in every package that left his store. One day he was much encouraged by receiving a letter from a man in the State of Washington who wrote that while passing through Buffalo, he had had occasion to purchase a trifle at his store, and on opening it he had found the tracts. He began reading them on the train merely to while away the time; but had been greatly benefited by them, having been induced to give himself to the Lord.

Those who really love the Lord and perishing souls, will find ways of working for him.

### How New Courage Came to Fisherman Oe

"Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee," said Felix to the apostle Paul as he reasoned with him of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." The Holy Spirit convicted Felix, but he declined to surrender then to its influence, and

so doubtless lost his soul. Delays are never safe. When God invites one by his Spirit to accept of his mercy, one should surrender immediately.

On the island of Awaji lived a fisherman by the name of Kiyosuke Oe. He was much affected by the preaching of the gospel by a missionary, and he was advised to become a Christian at once, and he said he would do so after more mature consideration. The minister replied, "It is very dangerous to hesitate in such matters, for it is said in the Bible, 'This night thy soul shall be required of thee.'"

His reply was: "Both my wife and myself are as yet only thirty, and are very healthy. My four children are also well and strong. We shall be all right for at least ten years more." And, like Felix, he bade the Spirit depart until "a more convenient season."

Only a few months had passed by when his wife was taken sick and died the same night. Mr. Oe had supported his family on his daily earnings. There was nothing ahead, and even one day's loss would cause his children to go hungry, the oldest of whom was but eleven years old. The situation seemed so dark as he thought of his motherless children, and of his inability to properly care for them, that he was driven to a state of desperation, and decided to put an end to his life. But after shutting himself up in a room with this determination in mind, he was reluctant to do so on account of his little ones. Just then the children, who had been playing, entered the room and threw a Bible upon his knee, which the minister had sent him. He picked it up in an absent state of mind, and on opening it his eyes fell upon the words, "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" A ray of light and hope came to him with these words. He repented of his sins and determined to become a Christian. He went out at once and sought spiritual help from a Christian neighbor. He was converted, and received great peace of mind.

His oldest child took the mother's place as best she could, and the father with new courage went to his work. Every evening gospel songs were sung in the fisherman's home, and they were a happy family, even in their sorrow. Mr. Oe became known all through the village as "Fowls of the Air Christian."

### Drink the Sweet

"TROUBLE is with Maria," said Grandma Pettit, who kept a keen oversight of her kinfolk, older and younger, "that she goes against Scripture and breaks one of the commandments."

"O grandma, Maria doesn't steal or lie or murder, surely," exclaimed a shocked listener, in "the bosom of the family."

"I didn't say she did," was the decisive answer. "There are more than ten commandments. I was thinking of one my mother used to quote, one by the mouth of Nehemiah, not Moses. She used to say that those who did not have a good time in this world, disobeyed the commandment, 'Drink the sweet.' There is something sweet at one time or another for everybody, and there's no need to go drinking a bitter cup the whole time. Sometimes the Lord does put it to the lips, and then people must 'take it with both hands and drink it;' they'll find comfort at the bottom of the cup. But to go exploring round as Maria does for all sorts of worriments, and tasting of every cup that looks a mite bitter, is what I don't believe in. 'Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet,' is what Nehemiah says, and after he had tasted plenty of bitter, too. This command keeps right along with 'Let thy garments be always white.'"

"But there does seem to be a great deal of bitter, after all," sighed one.

"Some folks hunt it up and drink it themselves when there's no need," said grandma, significantly.

"'Poison not thy wine with bitter herbs when God hath made it sweet,'" quoted a hitherto silent listener.

Grandma Pettit looked up approvingly; "No, don't," she said.—*The Wellspring.*

"THEY who walk with God do not walk away from men."

"As one lamp lights another nor grows less, so nobleness enkindles nobleness."



### Words That Are Misused

"ENTHUSED is a ridiculous Americanism in vogue only in one section of the United States," says Mr. White; but it seems to me that its popularity has extended to other sections in recent years. In fact, it now seems to be a favorite word with many speakers. An eminent authority suggests that if we must have a new word to express the agitation of soul to which this one would seem to indicate that the speaker is peculiarly subject, let him say *enthusiasmed*.

Although the misuse of the word *couple* is common and of long standing, it can not be justified. It is used to mean simply two; as, "A couple of girls fell upon the ice yesterday." Since the girls were not yoked, or coupled, together, they can not be properly spoken of as a couple.

The word *dress* should not be substituted for *gown*. *Dress* is a general term, including the entire apparel, the under garments as well as the outer.

*Every* is separative, and can be applied only to a whole composed of many individuals. It means each of all, and not all in mass. Therefore one can not properly say, "The men deserve every praise;" "Congress has exercised every charity in its treatment of the president;" nor, "He rendered me every assistance."

### The Word Donate

I NEED hardly say that this word is utterly abominable—one that any lover of simple, honest English can not hear with patience and without offense. It has been formed by some presuming and ignorant person from *donation*, and is much such a word as *vocate* would be from *vocation*, *orate* from *oration*, or *graduate* from *graduation*; and this when we have *give*, *present*, *grant*, *confer*, *endow*, *bequeath*, *devise*, with which to express the act of transferring possession in all its possible varieties. The first of these will answer the purpose, in most cases, better than any one of the others, and *donation* itself is not among our best words. If any man thinks that he and his gift are made to seem more imposing because the latter is called a donation, which he donates, let him remember that when Antonio requires that the wealthy Shylock shall leave all he dies possessed of to Lorenzo and Jessica, he stipulates that "he do record a gift" of it, and that Portia, in consequence, says, "Clerk, draw a deed of gift;" and more, that the writers of the simplest and noblest English that has been written called the Omnipotent "the Giver of every good and perfect gift." But there are some folk who would like to call him the Great Donator because he donates every good and perfect donation. If they must express giving by an Anglicized form of the Latin *dono*, it were better that they used *donation* as a verb.—*Richard Grant White.*